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QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

# The BARKER

10¢

GIVES YOU A  
**TICKET**  
TO SIDE-SPLITTING  
**HUMOR**  
AND THRILLING  
**ADVENTURE!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,  
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF  
**COMMANDO  
-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking tops and noses slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me show to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscle on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

### READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

# FREE!



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept Q-72 New York 1, N. Y.



### FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett  
Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept Q-72 New York 1, N. Y.  
George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose ( ) Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- ☐ All 5 courses for.....\$1
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Legs 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (5¢ plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME.....AGE.....  
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS.....



# The BARKER

HERE THEY ARE, FOLKS....  
THE HEAD HUNTERS OF THE  
DONGA... GUARANTEED TO  
THRILL YOU... CHILL YOU!  
STEP UP AND GET YOUR  
TICKETS! THERE ARE  
MORE OF THESE  
TERRIFYING SAVAGES  
ON THE INSIDE!

JUST  
LOOKING AT  
THEM GIVES  
ME A PAIN  
IN THE  
NECK!

Carnie Colahan, the fast  
talking barker of **GOLDEN  
LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS**,  
doesn't know that the  
members of his gruesome  
side-show have a few  
thrills an' chills in  
store for **HIM**, too!



HEY, COLONEL, GET AN EYE-FUL OF THIS MAGAZINE STORY AND THE PICTURES!



HMMM!

IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY?



WELL, IT'S VERY INTERESTING AND JUST GOES TO PROVE THAT THERE ARE A LOT OF STRANGE PEOPLES IN THE WORLD! HOW'S THAT?



WELL, I'LL BE--!!

SEE YOU LATER, CARNIE! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



HOLY JUMPING JUPITER!

AH... COMES THE DAWN!



CARNIE, IT'S TERRIFIC! WHY DIDN'T IT PENETRATE MY SKILL IMMEDIATELY? I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING! ANYWAY, NEVER MIND ALL THAT!

I KNOW... JUST SIGN 'EM TO A CONTRACT! DON'T WASTE ANY TIME!



I'LL CATCH THE 5:20 FOR THE BIG CITY!

WHAT A SHOW IT'LL BE! WHAT A SPECTACLE! HURRY, CARNIE! HURRY!





# THE BARKER

















THE BARKER



DON'T BE A FOOL! I HAD TO WARN THEM! YOU DON'T KNOW THE POWER OF THESE DONGA CURSES!



OW-W-W! AND I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE THE GREATEST ACT I EVER BOOKED INTO MY CIRCUS!



THEY BEAT IT... THE DAMAGE WAS DONE!



LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



QUIT SHOVIN'!

WHO'S SHOVIN'? I DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH YOU!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, FELLER? THIS MAN'S DEAD! HIS NECK'S BROKEN!



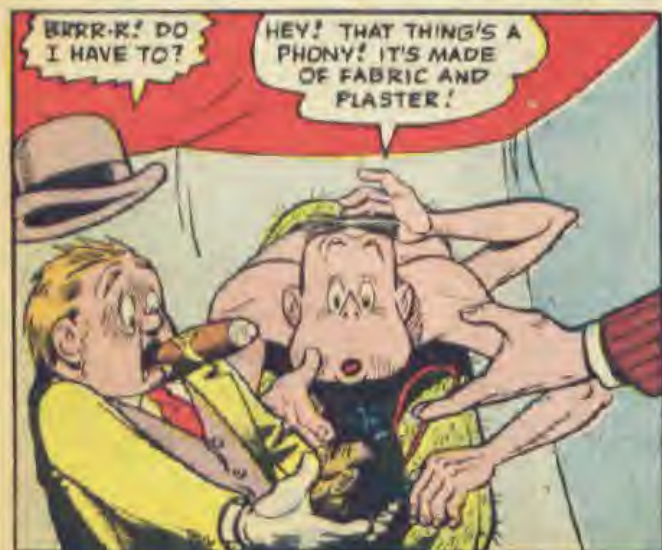








THE BARKER





# THE BARKER





THE BARKER

NATURALLY! I WAS FIGURING IT'D COST ME PLENTY TO GET THE PUBLIC TO SEE MY BOYS--YOU CAME ALONG AND PAID ME FOR DOING IT!

I WAS A SUCKER, ALL RIGHT-- BUT YOU DIDN'T FIGURE ON YOUR REPORTER GETTING AN ATTACK OF CONSCIENCE AND TRYING TO GIVE YOU AWAY! SO THERE'S SOME SUCKER IN YOU, TOO!

THAT GUY PLAYED RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS WITHOUT KNOWING IT-- BY PUTTIN' HIS HAT ON ONE OF THE HEADS! SURE-- WE HAD TO GO INTO ACTION SOONER THAN WE PLANNED, BUT THE BOYS BROKE HIS NECK FOR THAT! YOUR DEATH WILL BE A LITTLE SIMPLER-- I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! HERE'S ONE OF YOUR PHONY HEADS!

OW-W-W!

And outside...

HERE COMES THE GANG! DON'T LET 'EM SEE US!

BOSS, WE'VE PLANTED THOSE HEADS ALL OVER TOWN! THE SAPS'LL BE DOWN HERE IN DROVES!-- AWWK!

GRAWK! SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG!

GET CALAHAN!

WHADAYA MEAN-- GET HIM?

YOU DONGAS SPEAK PRETTY GOOD ENGLISH!

THE BURNT CORK AND GREASE PAINT COME OFF AND LEAVE THE GARDEN VARIETY OF WHITE HOODLUM! WELL, THE COLONEL MAY NOT HAVE ANY DONGA HEAD HUNTERS IN HIS SHOW, BUT HE WON'T HAVE ANY CROOKS AND KILLERS, EITHER!



# The BARKER

SHADDUP!

HERE THEY ARE,  
FOLKS... THE WORLD'S  
MOST UNIQUE ... ZOOE'S ...  
PUNCH AND JUDY! THEY'RE  
NEW ... ZOW!... THEY'RE  
DIFFERENT ...  
GHAAA-A!

WE'LL TELL 'EM,  
OURSELVES!

TOO NEW AND  
TOO DIFFERENT,  
Carnie Calahan,  
THE BARKER,  
was to  
discover...

... Although the  
antics of PUNCH  
AND JUDY were  
riotous enough in  
the show, their  
outside activities  
threatened to  
turn his hair  
prematurely  
gray.

*By Klaus Nordling*







THE BARKER













# THE BARKER





THE BARKER









THE BARKER

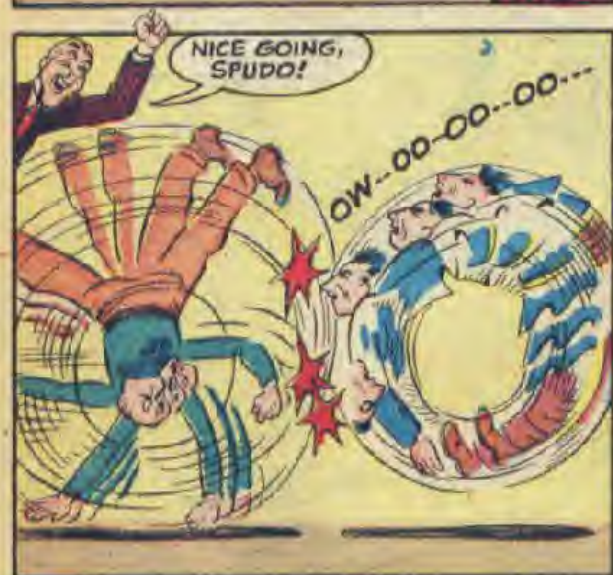




THE BARKER









# SPUDDO













THE BARKER





# THE BARKER



...I'LL BORROW A FEW CARDS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THIS CROOK'S DECK!



I HAVE FOUR ACES! DOES THAT TAKE THE MONEY?

IMPOSSIBLE! ER-- I MEAN... SURE... SURE... OF COURSE!



And then...

THE GAME'S CLEANED! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT! I COULD SWEAR I KNEW EVERY CARD. I GAVE HIM!

WE'LL GET HIM YET! HE WON'T BEAT THE DICE GAME!



EGAD, SIR, I LIKE TO WATCH A MAN WHEN LADY LUCK BESTOWS HER FAVORS UPON HIM! SURELY YOU WON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU'VE TEMPTED CHANCE ONCE MORE AT THE DICE TABLE.

I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ANYTHING!



HE SWITCHED THE DICE ON THAT GUY!



LOST AGAIN!

THEY'RE LOADED AGAINST HIM --- HE COULDN'T THROW A PASS WITH THOSE IN A HUNDRED YEARS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS --- IT'S TIME TO SHOW THESE PIRATES UP!



MAYBE YOU'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE WITH AN HONEST PAIR OF DICE, MISTER!



THE BARKER





THE BARKER









# CAPTAIN DEVIL

**C**APTAIN Silas Gore was on the Singapore run. His ship, the Kanaka, was a sturdy big freighter on whose decks Capt. Gore had trod, thundered and roared for more than 20 years. The captain dealt mostly in copra, teak, hides and meat. But it was whispered that he also did a good business in such tabu traffic as slaves and opium. That couldn't be proved, however.

On this run from Ronga the weather had kicked up and the big ship was wallowing in the troughs of heavy swells after a particularly bad blow. Storms always set the captain on his ear. He hated them for more reasons than one. The cargo, of course, sometimes shifted, which could easily be dangerous to the ship; then there was the worst thing of all—Captain Silas Gore was subject to mal-de-mer, which is sea-sickness.

At this particular moment Capt. Gore leaned over the weather rail and regarded things from a very jaundiced eye. He had been sick for 24 hours without a let-up. His stomach was so empty that it flapped against his backbone.

He was in a murderous rage.

When the mate stepped up and asked him some question about a routine navigation matter, the Captain glared at him out of yellowish eyes and cursed like a fiend.

"What the blank do you think I pay ye for?" he bellowed. "Run the ship. If ye can't run her then I'll get some who knows how. Now git!"

Another siege of sickness gripped him and he quickly stuck his head over the rail. The ship wallowed heavier. The mate turned on his heel and strode aft.

Served the old devil right to be sick, he thought. Well, he'd take him up on that getting someone else to run the ship. At the end of this cruise!

1st Mate Harley was a good lad, from down Sydney way. He knew his ships and he knew

his men. Or at least he thought he did. He'd had enough experience.

Harley leaned against the wheelhouse and regarded a big gull circling about the mainmast. That meant they were near land. Harley was glad of that. It had been a hard trip. Storms, and the grumbling of the men. Gore had had two of them lashed for misdemeanors. Lashing had gone out several decades before, but Gore was of the old school of mariners.

Harley felt there would be trouble unless they made port soon. He knew Gore would have to ship a new crew his next cruise; he wondered where the old blower would get them. Sailors had come to know Capt. Gore pretty well, and to steer clear of him. Oh, well. . . .

About an hour later, when the seas had gone down considerably, Capt. Gore came aft, looking much as if he had been drawn through a funnel, and glanced at the glass. She was on the up: good omen. He just nodded to Harley, then strode to his cabin and slammed the door.

Harley lit his pipe and watched a low edge of darker color grow on the port bow. Land. It would be Raratonga, their destination. He would be glad to drop the hook in Raratonga Bay. An old friend of his, one Charley Yuen, kept a small trading store near the bay. Nobody knew how long Charley had been in Raratonga. Everyone knew and liked him. The natives worshipped him. Fair and square in all his dealings, Charley was famous as a pearl dealer all over the South Pacific.

Harley grinned. Maybe by this time old Charley would have the other pearls to go with the small matched string he was saving for Harley, as a wedding gift to Mary back in Sydney. How long had it been since Charley had begun saving the precious little globules? Four years. That's how long Harley and Mary had been engaged. They would be married when Harley got back to Sydney.

A yell from Gore brought Harley out of his



rosy reveries. "Mr. Harley!—Mr. Harley, get back here at once!"

Harley started toward the skipper's cabin. He heard Gore cursing before he had reached the door. The captain was a blasphemous man, but this sample of his cursing was worse than anything Harley had ever heard before, out of any man. The blistering epithets barely lessened as Harley stepped into the cabin.

"My gold!" he yelled. "Someone stole my gold! I'll skin the dirty rat for this—who stole my gold, Mr. Harley?"

Harley hesitated. This was a bad mess. I wonder, thought the mate, if someone really did lift the old man's moola. He said, "Perhaps you mislaid it, sir."

Gore turned on him like a cornered water buffalo. "Mislaid it! Blast you, I never mislay nothin'. It was in my strong box. You can see the box is open!"

It was open, all right. "Have you any suspicions, sir?" Harley asked.

Gore's small red-rimmed eyes screwed up. "Yes. Get that Bikini islander up here. Haven't trusted that one from the day we took him off that atom bomb atoll. Get him, Mr. Harley!"

The Bikini islander was a mere youth whom Harley felt certain was no thief. The captain had poured it on him from the beginning. When he brought him to Gore's cabin, the skipper pinned him with evil eyes.

"Where is it, you?" he demanded. "Where did you hide my gold? Answer me, you—you —"

The young islander was quivering with fear. "I don't know what you mean, sir. I did not see any gold."

Gore started to curse and gulp, ran out of words and then yelled, "Tie him to the mast and lash him till he coughs up. Immediately, Mr. Harley, do as I say! Lay it on hard!"

A sea captain's word is law at sea. Harley, reluctantly, took the poor youth to the mast and had him tied; then with the cat-o-nine-tails, began laying it on. The boy screamed and squirmed, crying out that he knew nothing of the gold. Under the hard punishment, which was being witnessed by Gore, the lad eventually fainted, and they couldn't revive him.

The ship stood in at last in the harbor of the little island town. The usual crowds were on shore to welcome the boat, something that always happens in such ports. Harley saw among them old Charley, the Chinese pearl merchant.

Capt. Gore was the first to set foot on the wharf. He shook hands with Charley and several other people he knew, then he disappeared in the crowd towards the village. And grog.

The young Bikini islander had come out of his coma by the time Harley was ready to go ashore. He thought it strange that Capt. Gore had said nothing further about his missing gold. The episode seemed to have ended with the Bikini boy's whipping. What was the idea behind this cry of theft?

When Harley left the ship, he sauntered toward the small, neat store of Charley.

When Harley reached the Chinaman's store, he came upon a sight that bowled him over. Three men of the crew, with handkerchiefs before their eyes, were holding up the old Chinese.

"Fork over, you," commanded one of the men.

"But I have nothing," said the Chinese. "All you see here is of no value."

"The pearls," rasped the man with the mask. "Give us the pearls, and fast!"

Harley had entered just at this time and he stood, undecided, at the tableau. If they stole the pearls, his string for Mary was lost. What would old Charley do?

Charley did a strange thing. There was a pickle barrel in his store. He unfolded a roll of soft buckskin and laid the pearls out. Gasps came from the crooks. Then the old Chinese calmly dumped the pearls into the pickle barrel. Naturally they dissolved instantly.

Charley smiled. "You would steal these pearls," he said. "I have stolen them. The vinegar has melted them into nothing."

The crooks rushed to the barrel, explored its contents, shook their heads. "He's right," one of them said. "The vinegar did the trick."

Charley had a different answer when the provincial police had taken the crooks to jail. "I was kidding. The pearls are safe, for Mary. Those were substitutes."



THE BARKER

# The BARKER

MEET **BRONCHO  
BIXBY**, FOLKS!  
HE'S THE ROUGHEST,  
TOUGHEST, ORNERIEST  
CRITTER WHO EVER  
CAME OUT OF THE  
WILD WEST!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
CARNIE! RUB  
IT IN!

By Klaus Nordling





The wide open spaces of *The Far West!* The circus train moves at a snail's pace around WILD CAT CURVE ....





THE BARKER





# THE BARKER





# THE BARKER

Y'DIDN'T PUT THET RIGHT, PARD.... THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' BETTER THAN RIDIN' IN 'EM! TRAINS IS FOR TENDERFEET!



That night...



A DISH OF BEANS FOR DINNER! A GUY MY SIZE CAN'T LIVE ON THAT!

BEANS IS COWPUNCHER'S GRUB, PARD, AND WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR COWPUNCHERS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!

BOORP



I'M NOT LIFTING ANY THOUSAND POUND WEIGHTS ON A DISH OF BEANS, MISTER! I ---

DON'T SAY IT, TINY! WE'VE GOT TO STICK! WE CAN'T JUST WALK OUT AFTER ALL THE YEARS WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER!



SURE, DON'T LET IT GET YOU, TINY! WE GET PAID TONIGHT AND AS SOON AS WE DO, WE'LL HEAD FOR THE NEAREST TOWN AND GET A SQUARE MEAL!



AND MAYBE WE CAN FIND A HOTEL, TOO! IT'S RAINING!

I BEEN SLEEPIN' OUT IN THE RAIN ON AND OFF FOR YEARS... MAN AN' BOY... AN' IT NEVER HURT ME NONE!



BIXBY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HOLD THE CIRCUS TOGETHER AT THIS RATE... THE GANG WON'T STAND FOR THAT KIND OF TREATMENT! BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING!





THE BARKER





# THE BARKER



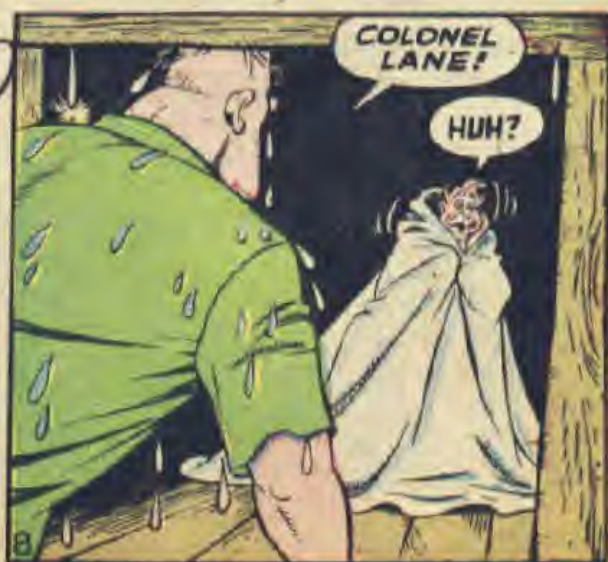
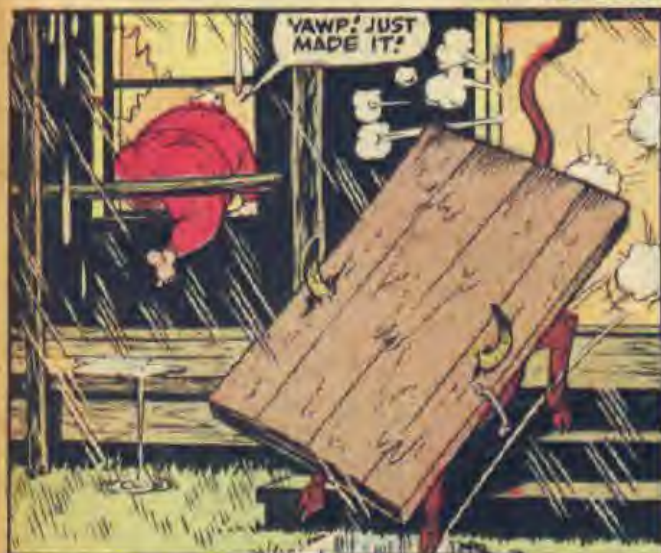
I DON'T KNOW! GUESS WE MAY AS WELL GO BACK TO THE TOWN WE CAME FROM, IF WE CAN FIND IT!



Meanwhile, at the BAR CL Ranch...









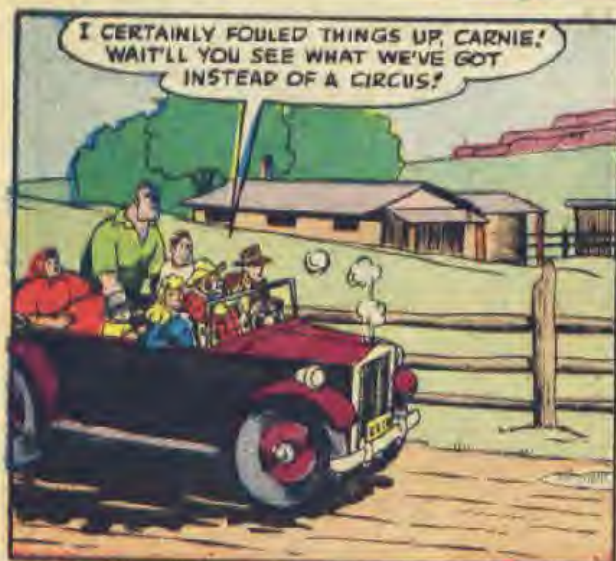








THE BARKER













# THE BARKER





BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • WOMEN

# PICK YOUR PRIZE



**THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU**—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

**Blue Bird**

## COOKING SET



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

## One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS

It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of mated birds given for selling 2 orders of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.



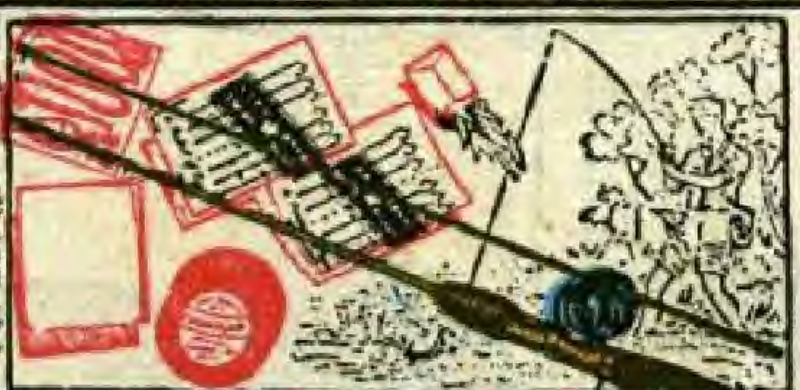
## Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of seeds. Sent Express Collect.

## GIVEN Seed Luck FISHING OUTFIT.

Steel Rod, reel, casting line, 12 snelled hooks, 12 lead sinkers cork float and stout stringer. GIVEN for selling only one order



## "VICTORY UKE"



Be first in your town to own this Red, White and Blue "Victory" Uke. Given and sent post paid for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each.

## WRIST WATCHES ARE BACK!

Choice Models for Men and Women, Boys and Girls.



Model "A" Model "B" Model "C" Model "D"

Happy Days are here again and with them come wrist watches for men and women, boys and girls, so long unavailable at any price. With the manufacturers guarantee as always, these models are reliable and accurate and are executed by professional workmanship with excellent materials. Any of these models yours for the asking. Given for selling one order of seeds plus \$1.50, or given without extra cost for selling two orders. State style desired.

**Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.**

## CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

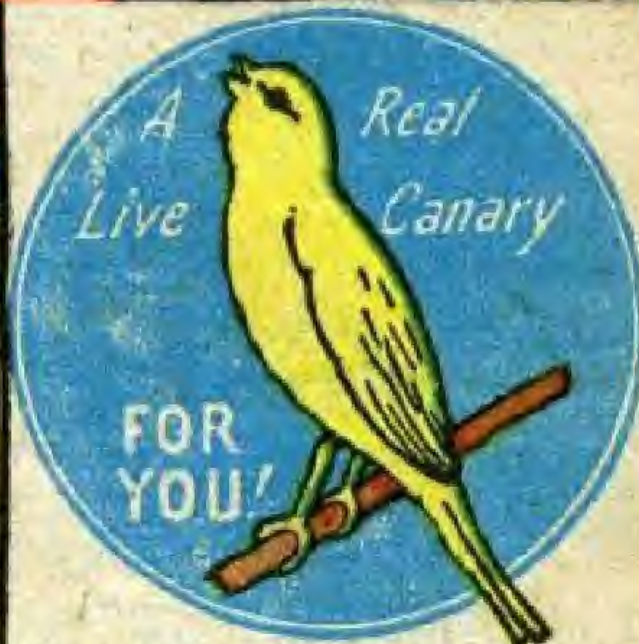


Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts at 10c a packet. SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.

## Basket Ball GIVEN TO YOU



Latest Rubber Valve Type Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.



What a Pet! You will love it. Canary given for selling only two orders of seeds at 10 cts. a packet. Sent Ex. Collect.

## ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and guarantee safe arrival One Pair of Rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.



**SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU.**



40th Year

Laurel County Seed Co., Station 451 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 10 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds "Bag of Tricks" shown above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

Print your last name plainly below

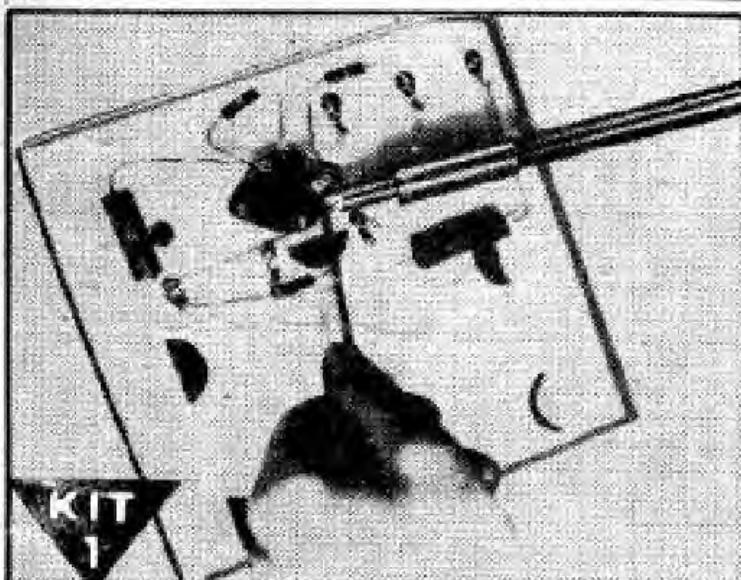
Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.





# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



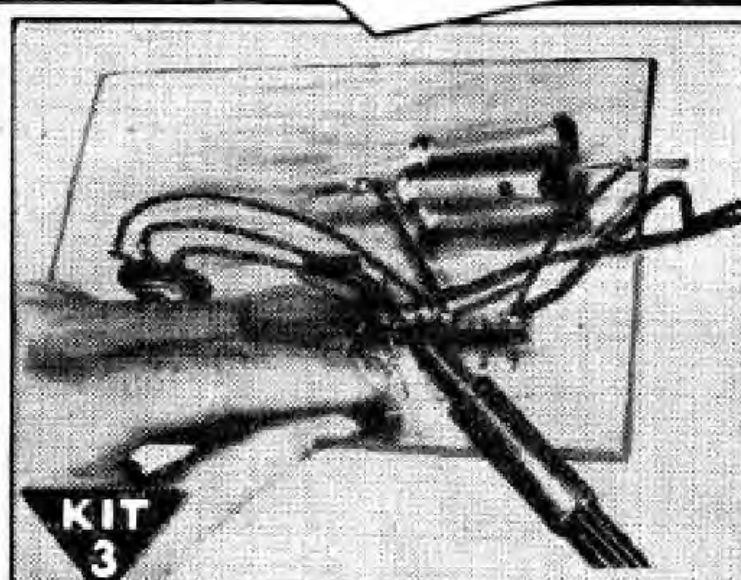
**KIT  
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



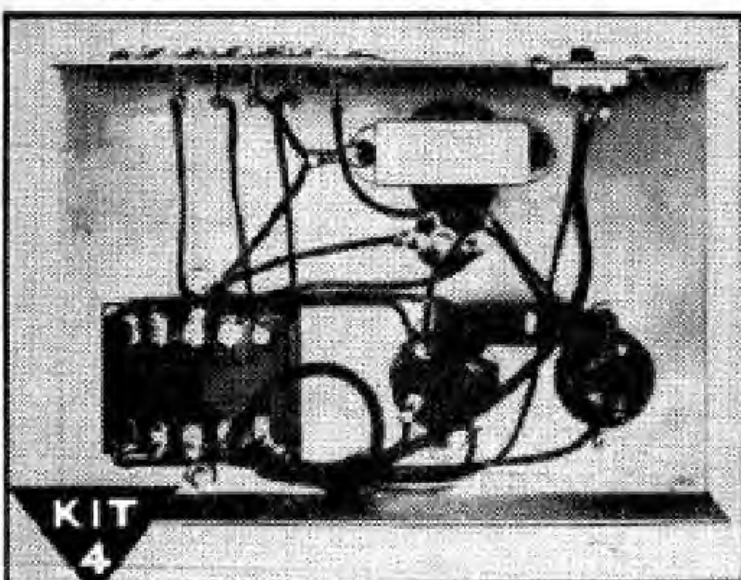
**KIT  
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



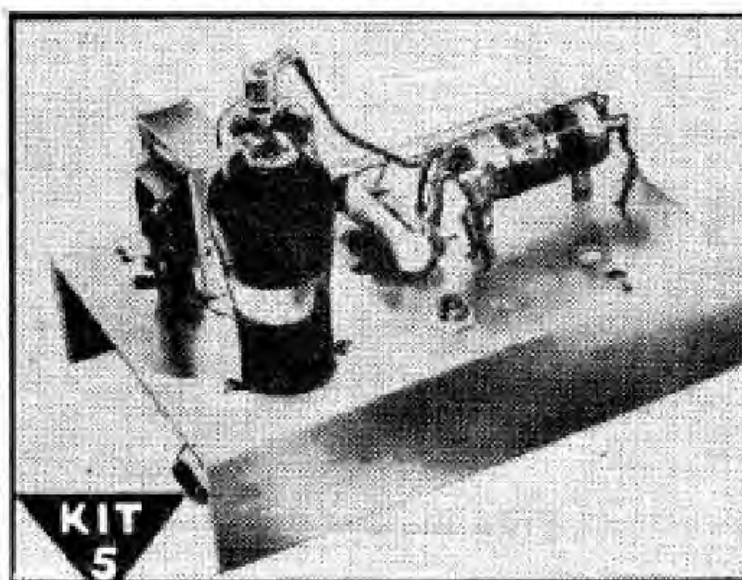
**KIT  
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



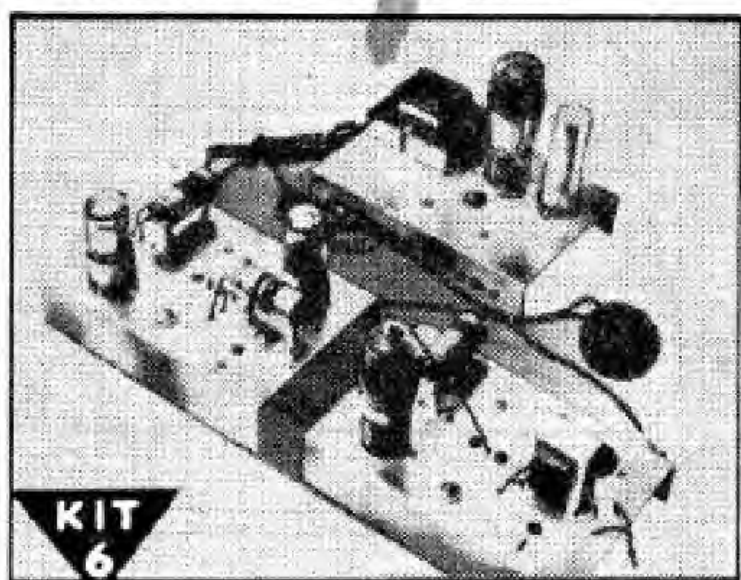
**KIT  
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT  
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT  
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

**Find Out What NRI Can Do For You**  
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON. NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7BA3,  
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home  
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

**APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL**

**Good for Both - FREE**

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# NEW

## "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

**Tiny cell packs enough  
ENERGY  
to kick 186 field goals**


Like football? Like to sit breathless while the Big Team goes into kick formation for a last-minute winning try? Then listen: The great new "Eveready" flashlight cell NOW has energy equal to that used in making 186 big-time field goals from the 25-yard line? Extra power makes "EVEREADY" batteries the All-American choice for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



THE NEW "Eveready" flashlight cell literally *blasts* darkness with a dazzling beam of powerful white light. And does it for nearly *twice* as long as famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. Because this new cell packs 93% *more energy*! Service from "Eveready" flashlight batteries is nearly *doubled*...yet you *pay no more* for this far greater value! For longer life of brighter light...get these new "Eveready" flashlight batteries!

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

### 93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly twice the electric energy...almost *two times longer life* than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. That's today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.



## High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK  
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

